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OF

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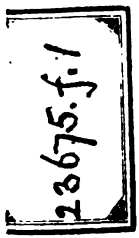

LONDON:
AND PUBLISHED BY FRANCIS GOODLAKE, AT THE TIMES OFFICE, PRINTING-HOUSE-SQUARE.
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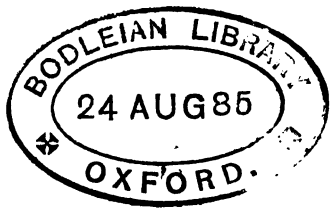
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GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

General Garibaldi died at Caprera at half-past 6 o'clock on Friday evening. The last hero of the heroic age of New Italy is no more—the most popular, the most legendary, the most blameless; the one who, had he, like Cavour, died at the opportune moment, would have been deemed absolutely without fault, and, therefore, superhuman and fabulous. As a consolation to the mediocrity of the common run of mortals, there was a weak side in Garibaldi's nature. There was shade enough enhancing and relieving the light of the picture to make it lifelike. Men have spoken of the "ass's head linked to the lion's heart." Garibaldi could afford to acknowledge the correctness of the taunt; but he was not accountable for the asinine part of his composition. Like all other men, he was the offspring of circumstance. He could not emancipate himself from the influences of his early training. His sympathies were too strong to resist the ascend-

ency of his surroundings. He had all the lion's instincts; not merely the headlong courage, but the far nobler qualities of the magnanimity, the placability, the self-denial attributed to the idealized king of the animals. His impulses were all generous, his judgment naturally sound, his motives invariably upright, his conscience unerring. His deficiency was in good, stout self-reliance. He suffered the blanks which his imperfect education had left in his mind to be filled up by unsafe counsellors. He thought with other men's brains; but he never was misled by bad advice to the extent of blinding himself to better suggestions. He was at all times amenable to reason, always ready, if not humbly to acknowledge an error, at least bravely to repair it. All his deeds will bear criticism; happy if he had spoken less and written nothing!

Garibaldi has not left the world without some account of his birth, parentage, and early life. Not a little of his great, naïve, and enthusiastic character may be studied in those "Mémoires" of, which his eccentric friend, Alexandre Dumas, published a free translation. He was born July 22, 1807. He was a native of Nice, a city inhabited by a mongrel race, but himself sprung from a purely Italian family. The name of Garibaldi, common enough throughout North Italy, betokens old Lombard descent. He first saw light, as he states, in the very house and room where, 49 years before, Massena was born. His father, Domenico, had come from Chiavari, in the Riviera di Levante; he gives his mother's name, Rosa Ragiundo. Garibaldi's father and grandfather were seamen, and he took to the sea as his native element, developing great strength and skill as a swimmer, an accomplishment which enabled him to save drowning men on several memorable occasions. For what book learning he had he seems to have been indebted to the desultory lessons of priestly schoolmasters under

the direction of his mother. Of this latter he always spoke with great tenderness, acknowledging that "to her inspiration he owed his patriotic feelings," and stating that, "in his greatest dangers by land and sea, his imagination always conjured up the picture of the pious woman prostrated at the feet of the Most High interceding for the safety of her beloved."

In early life he embarked in his father's merchant vessel, a brig, and in that and other craft he made frequent voyages to Odessa, Rome, and Constantinople. Soon after the revolutionary movements of 1831 he was at Marseilles, where he fell in with Mazzini, busy at that time with the organization of "young Italy" and with the preparations for an invasion of Italy by sea, which, upon Mazzini's expulsion from Marseilles, was attempted at Geneva, and directed against the Savoy frontier. The Savoy expedition turned out an egregious failure, the blame of which Garibaldi, on Mazzini's statement, throws on the Polish General Ramorino's treachery. Garibaldi himself, who had embarked on board the Royal frigate Euridice to gain possession of that vessel by a mutiny of the crew, being off Genoa, and hearing of a plot to storm the barracks of the Carabinieri, landed in the town to join it; but the attack upon the barracks miscarried, and he, not daring to go back to his ship, saw himself irreparably compromised, fled to Nice, and thence crossed the Var and found himself an exile at Marseilles. Here he betook himself again to his sea life, sailed for the Black Sea and for Tunis, and at last on board the Nageur, of Nantes, for Rio Janeiro.

In the commentaries before alluded to Garibaldi gives the fullest particulars of the exploits by which he rose to distinction beyond the Atlantic during the 12 years elapsing from his leaving Europe in 1836 to his return to Italy in 1848. It

is the romance of his career, and will some day be wrought into an epic blending the charms of the Odyssey with those of the Iliad—a battle and a march being the theme of the eventful tale almost from beginning to end.

Garibaldi took service with the Republic of Rio Grande do Sul, a vast territory belonging to Brazil, then in open rebellion and war against that Empire. He took the command of a privateer's boat with a crew of 12 men, to which he gave the name of Mazzini, and by the aid of which he soon helped himself to a larger and better-armed vessel, a prize taken from the enemy. In his many encounters with the Imperial or Brazilian party the hero bought experience both of wonderfully propitious and terribly adverse fortune, and had every imaginable variety of romantic adventure and hairbreadth escapes. He was severely wounded, taken prisoner, and in one instance, at Gualeguay, in the Argentine territory, he found himself in the power of one Leonardo Millan, a type of Spanish South-American brutality, by whom he was savagely struck in the face with a horsewhip, submitted to several hours' rack and torture, and thrown into a dungeon, in which his sufferings were soothed by the ministration of that "angel of charity," a woman, by name Madame Alleman. Escaping from his tormentor by the intervention of the Governor of Gualeguay, Paolo Echague, Garibaldi crossed from the territories of the Plate into those of the Rio Grande, and faithful to the cause of that Republic he fought with better success, winning battles, storming fortresses, standing his ground with a handful of men, or even single-handed, against incredible odds, beating strong squadrons with a few small vessels, giving through all proofs of the rarest disinterestedness, humanity, and generosity, disobeying orders to sack and ravage vanquished cities, and exercising

that mixture of authority and glamour over his followers which almost enabled him to dispense with the ties of stern rule and discipline. At last, after losing a flotilla in a hurricane on the coast of Santa Caterina, where he landed wrecked and forlorn, having seen his bravest and most cherished Italian friends shot down or drowned, he fell in with his Anita—not, apparently, the first fair one for whom he had a passing fancy—with whom he united his destinies, for better for worse, in life and till death, in some off-hand manner, about which he is reticent and mysterious. Anita turned out almost as great and daring, and long-enduring a being as her heroic mate, and was by his side in all fights by land and sea, till the fortunes of the Republic of Rio Grande declined, when, after giving birth to her first born, Menotti Garibaldi, September 16, 1840, she went with that infant and his father through unheard-of hardships and dangers in the disastrous retreat of Las Antas; when at last Garibaldi, beginning to feel the responsibilities of a growing family, and despairing of the issues of an ill-conducted war, took leave of his Republican friends at Rio Grande and went for a short respite in his adventurous career to Montevideo.

After trying on the journey to find employment as a cattle drover, Garibaldi settled at Montevideo in the capacity of a general broker and teacher of mathematics; but, war having broken out between the Republic of the Uruguay and Buenos Ayres, the Condottiere was solicited to draw his sword for the former State which afforded him hospitality, and was trusted with the command of a little squadron destined to operate on the Parana river against a widely superior Argentine force. This expedition was contrived by enemies high in power in the Montevidean Government,

who, jealous of the reputation won by Garibaldi at Rio Grande, vainly plotted to have him assassinated with his friend Anzani, and hoped to rid themselves of him by exposing him to dangers from which it seemed impossible that he could extricate himself. Garibaldi, however, made the best of his desperate position, and escaped, not only with his life, but also with "honour--the only thing that was not lost." Presently, danger pressing sorely on the Republic, he organized his Italian Legion, which behaved well through a new series of land and sea combats, its band of only 400 combatants often beating the enemy's corps 600 men strong, at the close of which exploits its soldiers refused grants of land offered to them by a grateful State, "the stimulus of their exertions," as their commander said, "being only the triumph of the Republican cause." The Legion was afterwards, as a mark of honour, allowed precedence over all the other troops of the Republic. The war continued, and under the auspices of their commander the soldiers of the Italian Legion rose to such distinction that at the affairs of the Boyada and of Salto Sant'Antonio, February, 1846, Garibaldi was empowered to write to the Government of the Republic that the brilliant successes of those deeds of arms were entirely due to their gallantry.

Meanwhile, however, news from Europe came to turn the attention of Italian patriots to the momentous events which were rapidly changing the conditions of the Peninsula. Years had passed. Pius IX. was Pope; Sicily had risen in open and successful revolt; a Republic had been proclaimed in France; Constitutions were being wrested from the reluctant hands of most European despots. Austria was convulsed with insurrectionary attempts; the Milanese drove Radetzky from their city after five days' fighting, and

Charles Albert unfurled the national standard and crossed the Ticino.

The theatre of the exploits of the Hero of Montevideo was soon changed. All who had a heart and soul in Italy were up and doing, and could Italy's greatest heart and soul remain beyond seas? Garibaldi, on the first reports of the Pope's liberal leanings, wrote to the Nuncio Bedini at Montevideo, October 17, 1847, offering the services of the Italian Legion to His Holiness, who was now almost on the eve of a war with Austria, "although," the letter said, "the writer was well aware that St. Peter's throne rests on a solid basis proof against all human attacks, and needing no mortal defenders." The Nuncio returned thanks and praises and referred Garibaldi's tender to the Pontifical Government at Rome. But Garibaldi, never well-disposed to losing time, after vainly waiting for further communication from Pope or Nuncio, brooked no longer delay. With incredible difficulty he scraped together money and means, and embarked with his brave friend Anzani (who died at Genoa soon after landing), having with him only 85 men and two cannon, and leaving the remainder of his Legion to follow when and how it could. He crossed the ocean, landed at Nice, proceeded to Genoa and Milan, and when Charles Albert, defeated at Custozza, withdrew from the Lombard city and accepted an armistice which saved Piedmont from invasion, August, 1848, Garibaldi passed over to Mazzini, and at the head of a volunteer force, of which Mazzini was the standard-bearer, issued a manifesto in which he proclaimed the Sardinian King a traitor, and declared that "the Royal war was at an end, and that of the people was now to begin." That proclamation was, however, only an idle bravado. Mazzini, even if he had the spirit, lacked the physical strength of a fighting man. The Garibaldians, on

hearing the news of the fall of Milan, lost heart, and many crossed over the frontier to Switzerland. With thinned and dispirited bands, Garibaldi, aided by his friend Medici, ventured on a few desultory fights near Luino, on Lake Maggiore, but soon fell back and withdrew to Lugano, in the canton Ticino, his health, it is said, breaking down, and his immediate followers being reduced to some 300.

A few months later, Pius IX., fallen from his popularity and pressed hard by his disaffected subjects, who murdered his Minister and almost stormed him in his palace at the Quirinal, ran away to Gaëta, and a Roman Republic was proclaimed, of which Mazzini, in a Triumvirate with two others, mere men of straw, became the head. Attacked by the French in flagrant violation of all rights of nations, Rome undertook to defend itself, and whatever Italy could boast of generous hearts, regardless of party differences, rallied round Garibaldi, who drove back the French from Porta Pancrazio, April 29 and 30, 1849, defeated the Neapolitans in that campaign of Velletri, which was like the farce contrasting with the tragic drama soon to be acted at Rome, and withstood a three months' siege in which many of the noblest champions of the Italian cause lavished their lives in a hopeless, yet as it proved not a fruitless struggle.

The French having gained possession of the city, July 13, 1849, Garibaldi left it with a band of devoted volunteers, retired *vid* Terni and Orvieto, gathering together about 2,000 men in his progress, crossed the Apennines, pressed by the Austrians with overwhelming forces, sought a refuge at San Marino, gave the enemy the slip in the night, embarked at Cesenatico for Venice, which was still withstanding the Austrian siege, was met by four Austrian men-of-war, which compelled him to put back and land on

the coast near Ravenna, and wandered ashore in the woods, where Anita, his inseparable companion in this disastrous march, though in the same interesting state as she was on the retreat of Las Antas at Rio Grande, succumbed to the fatigues of the journey, and expired in the hero's arms. Garibaldi's devoted friends Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, falling into the hands of the Austrians, were shot by them without any forms of trial and by an act of barbarism which no human or divine law could justify. The heart-broken hero, with a few trusty men, made his way from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, was arrested by the Sardinian Carabinieri at Chiavari, conveyed to Genoa, where La Marmora was in command, and there embarked for Tunis; hence, finding nowhere a refuge, he proceeded to the island of La Maddalena, off the shore of Sardinia, and hence again to Gibraltar and Tangier.

Our theme is Garibaldi, and we have neither time nor leisure to do more than sum up those pages of Italian history in which his name occurs almost at every line. Up to the close of this first dolorous episode of 1848-9, Garibaldi had shown himself a patriot rather than a partisan. His first application was to a Pope and a King, and he had evinced no relentless enmity to the monarchic principle. He arrived in Lombardy when Charles Albert had been overpowered, not so much by Radetzky as by Mazzini, a monomaniac, who though himself at first showing no reluctance to come to terms with a King, never forgave that King his unwillingness to attempt impossibilities, and who was determined that there should never be an Italy unless it could be made into a Republic with a Mazzinian dictatorship. That Republic was proclaimed at Rome, and Garibaldi joined it; but even at that juncture himself, and Medici and Bixio, and others, were

Italians before they were Republicans; and among the noblest combatants, Manara, the Dandolos, and others who lavished their blood like water made no parade of their democracy, and would have looked upon any bigoted political exclusiveness as arrant treason to the national cause. With the exception of Mazzini himself and of some obscure men anxious to shine by such lurid light as emanated from him, the Italians soon proved that they were of one mind on the subject. With respect to Garibaldi himself, there is ample evidence that it was, in his sane moments, his country and not his party that was uppermost in his thoughts. Some letters of La Marmora lately published in the Italian papers bear witness to the mutual esteem and sympathy that sprang up between those two brave men, when Garibaldi, soon after the fall of Rome and the loss of Anita, was brought before the General then in command of that city by the Carabineers to whom he had in his helplessness surrendered as prisoner. La Marmora received the heart-broken fugitive as a brother, supplied him with ample means for his journey to Tunis, and obtained for him from the Turin Government the assignment of an honourable pension, which Garibaldi did not in his straits disdain to accept. But, in his opinion, all seemed now over for Italy; Charles Albert's son, Victor Emmanuel, after the defeat of Novara, had made his peace with Austria in March, 1849, Venice had succumbed after heroic sufferings in August, and Garibaldi, again crossing the ocean, settled at New York as a tallow chandler, and only came back to Europe in 1855.

When Garibaldi returned from America he did not look out for Mazzini or his Republicans in England or Switzerland, but sought a home in Piedmont, a Constitutional State, which allowed him an obscure but peaceful retreat in his

hermitage at Caprera, an island rock on the Sardinian coast near the Maddalena, conveying to him a hint that the time might soon come in which his country's cause would summon him from his retirement. And, truly, four years later (1859) the destinies of Italy were nearing their fulfilment. France and Piedmont took the field against Austria. Garibaldi, leaving his island home, swore fealty to Victor Emmanuel as the best of Republics, took the command of the Chasseurs des Alpes, aided the Royal Army in its defence of the territory previous to the arrival of its great French auxiliary, and, following in the upper region a line parallel to that kept in the plain by the conquest of Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino, beat the Austrians at Varese and San Fermo, bewildered his adversary Urban by the rashness of his movements on the mountains above Como, advanced upon Bergamo and Brescia, and pushed on to the Valtellina up to the very summit of the Stelvio Pass. Here the Peace of Villafranca put an end to the struggle, and Garibaldi, afflicted by the arthritic pains to which he was a martyr all his life, travelled for a few days' rest to Tuscany and Genoa.

At Genoa, during the autumn and winter, Garibaldi, hospitably entertained by his friend Augusto Vecchi outside the city, busied himself with that expedition of "the Thousand" which made one State of the South and North of Italy. He embarked on the 11th of May, 1860, at Genoa, landed at Marsala, beat the Neapolitans at Calatafimi, followed up his success to Palermo, and, aided by the insurgent city, compelled the garrison to surrender. He again routed the Bourbon troops at Milazzo, and had soon the whole island at his discretion, with the exception of the citadel of Messina. He then crossed over into Calabria, and, almost without firing a shot, drove the Neapolitan King's troops before him all over

the mainland, compelled the King to abandon the strong pass of La Cava and to withdraw his forces from his capital, where Garibaldi, with only a few of his staff, made his triumphal entry on the 7th of September, 1860. After a few days' rest Garibaldi followed the disheartened King to Capua, obtained new signal successes on the Volturno, at Santa Maria, and Caserta; but would probably have been unable to accomplish the enterprise had not the Piedmontese, whose Government had aided Garibaldi's expedition while pretending to oppose it, overrun the Marches, beaten Lamoricière and the Papal forces at Castel Fidardo, and, crossing the frontier and the Apennines, besieged and reduced the strong places of Capua and Gaeta. Garibaldi, who, as Dictator, had with doubtful success endeavoured to establish something like rule in the Two Sicilies, aware of the arduousness of a task which would have exceeded many wiser men's powers, met the King at Naples, delivered the two kingdoms into his hands, and, declining all the proffered honours and emoluments for himself, took leave of his Sovereign and embarked for the solitude of his rock-farm at Caprera.

This was the hero's crowning glory, and had he been wrecked on the voyage, or landed with an unshaken determination never to revisit the mainland, his achievements would have gone down to posterity as a myth, hardly second to the deeds of the ancient demigods; and he would have been free from the alloy of the earthly passions which in almost all cases degraded their divine nature. But Garibaldi was elected a Deputy, and was over-persuaded to meet in Parliament adversaries of a different nature from those he had been wont to encounter in the field. The discussion on the cession of his native city, Nice, to France, and the Bill for the amalgamation of his volunteer officers into the Royal army with a

confirmation of the rank which he had in his sor need often too recklessly lavished on them, seemed to him to establish the necessity of his appearing in his place in the Chamber of Deputies. But a wrestling match with Cavour, or even with Cialdini, was no task for the debating powers of the blunt hero of Calatafimi. Overwhelmed by the strong logic of the Minister and by the less generous sarcasm of the rival warrior, Garibaldi withdrew to his lodgings, where more rational and trusty advisers prevailed upon him to give up the contest and go back to the solitude which he should never have quitted.

But Cavour died; Ricasoli forfeited the King's good graces, and the slippery Rattazzi acceded to power. Confronted by a hostile majority, he came to terms with the revolutionary party of the Left by engaging to supply Garibaldi with one million francs for an expedition against the Austrians at Venice. The Venetian enterprise turned out hopeless, and Garibaldi, abandoning it, listened to schemers who suggested a rescue of Rome from the French. Garibaldi landed with some partisans in Sicily, collected a few bands of *picciotti*, or raw youths, in the island, and crossed to Calabria, hoping soon to find himself at the head of a force sufficient to drive the French garrison from Rome. Rattazzi, who could not blind himself to the disasters which awaited so foolhardy an enterprise, sent the Royal forces against its projector under Pallavicini, who attacked, wounded, and seized Garibaldi at Aspromonte, August 29, 1862, and sent him a prisoner for a few days to the fort of Varigliano at Spezzia, whence he was conveyed to Caprera. Great sympathy was felt for him in England and he was attended in his illness by Mr. Partridge, the English surgeon, sent to Italy for the purpose. In April, 1864, he paid a visit to the country which had manifested so keen an interest in his career, and

was welcomed with enthusiasm alike by the English people and the English aristocracy, his reception culminating in a grand banquet given in his honour by the Lord Mayor and City of London.

Aspromonte led to Rattazzi's downfall. A Ministry succeeded which, by the September Convention of 1864, removed the seat of Government to Florence and seemed to have renounced all Italy's pretensions to Rome, from which France engaged to withdraw her garrison. Two years later a war between Prussia and Austria led to the deliverance of Venice. During this campaign of 1866 Garibaldi again appeared in the field as the King's soldier, and at the head of several thousand volunteers vainly attempted to force his way into the gorges of the Southern Tyrol. Beaten by the superior skill of the Austrian marksmen, wounded, and overcome by ill-health, he fell back soon after the disaster of Custozza, and was again fain to seek his retreat of Caprera. But, in the following year, the La Marmora-Ricasoli Government having been compelled to yield to the hostile feeling of the deeply-humiliated country, Rattazzi was again in the ascendant, and, refining upon Cavour's cunning, laid the plan for an attempt upon defenceless Rome, and, while forwarding it with all his might, pretended to combat it by all the means at his disposal. Rattazzi, a mere frog of a statesman, trusted he could swell himself up to the size of the ox, Cavour. He hoped either that his manœuvres could hoodwink the Emperor Napoleon or that the sympathies of that vacillating Monarch could be easily won over to the fulfilment of Italy's last wishes. Enlistments of men and distributions of arms were carried on throughout Italy and in the capital under the very eyes, with the connivance and, indeed, the co-operation, of the Government. Volunteers gathered on the borders of the shrunken Pontifical State

under command of Garibaldi's son, Menotti. Garibaldi himself landed at Genoa, travelled about the country, came to Florence, and addressed the multitude in language of which the Government affected to condemn the violence, and which led to the farce of the General's arrest at Sinalunga and his removal to Caprera, where his movements were watched by Royal cruisers, which, however, he was allowed to evade, when the great blow was to be struck and his assistance was needed. Garibaldi again landed at Leghorn, joined the volunteer force on the Papal frontier, advanced upon Monterotondo, and there and at Mentana succumbed to the superior forces of the Pontifical army, aided by a few French battalions landing to the Pope's rescue under De Failly, November 3, 1867.

Sick at heart and wounded in spirit, Garibaldi was sent back to Caprera, where, three years later, upon the French garrison being again removed from Rome, in consequence of the disasters of the Franco-German war which led to the Emperor Napoleon's overthrow at Sedan, he had the mortification of seeing Rome broken into by the Royal Italian army, and the dream of his youth, the completion of a united, free, and independent State in Italy, achieved without his having a hand in the final exploit. By a strange revulsion of feeling, the revengeful ill-will he had long harboured against all-powerful, Imperial France was changed to enthusiastic interest in the fate of fast-sinking, Republican France; and, appealing to the ready sympathies of adventurers used to follow him without questioning, he again issued forth from his island solitude, joined Gambetta at Tours on the 9th of October, 1870, and was by him sent in command of Francs-Tireurs and Gardes Mobiles to the Vosges. He betook himself to Besançon, fought the Germans at Autun, was beaten back by Werder at Monthard, and finally altogether bewil-

dered and out-generalled at Dijon. In return for his devotion to the cause of a country which had twice beaten him at Rome and robbed him of his native Nice, the good man was treated with insult and scorn by the Retrogradist party, then in the ascendant at the Bordeaux Assembly, to which he had been returned a Deputy, and, shaking the dust from his feet, he went back a sadder if not a wiser man to Caprera, February 20, 1871.

Three years later he re-appeared on the political stage at Rome, where a seat in the Chamber of Deputies was always reserved for him, and where his friends of the Opposition, even after Rattazzi's death, looked up to him as the champion who should grapple with the strength of the majority supporting the Minghetti Administration and determine its fall.

The Italian cause had by this time achieved its complete triumph, and pure, enlightened, honourable patriotism could well afford to retire from business. The country was rid of the foreigner from the Alps to the sea, and at Rome the Pope had been brought to that condition of a mere High Priest which modern civilization clearly assigned to him. There were, properly speaking, no political parties in Italy, for an overwhelming majority in the country had from beginning to end unanimously agreed in their wishes for the emancipation of the country and for its unity as far as it seemed practicable. Even the most sincere and devout Catholics were so far anti-Clerical that they looked on the combination of the attributes of a Pope with those of a King as something out of date, abnormal, and monstrous. In the Chamber of Deputies neither the absolute Retrogradists nor the Ultra-Democrats had any place, nor could any have lawfully been allowed to them, for the representatives of the people swore their oath to the King and the

Constitution, and it could not be assumed that any of them would perjure himself, though a few of them were certainly guilty of unworthy equivocation and mental reserve.

There was, nevertheless, or there grew up at an early period, a division in the Italian Parliament. There were a Right and a Left, and in time, also, the usual subdivisions of Right and Left Centres; a tendency to splitting, an agreement to disagree, being, indeed, inevitable and far from undesirable in all deliberative Assemblies. The Right in Italy was under the leadership of Cavour so long as the great statesman lived, and after his death of the most distinguished disciples of his school, Ricasoli, Farini, &c., many of whom were carried away by premature death, but some of whom, like Lanza, Sella, Minghetti, Visconti Venosta, maintained the ascendency of their party, and governed, or, as their adversaries contended, "misgoverned," the country for 16 years (1860 to 1875). The Opposition acknowledged as its chief Rattazzi, a man who had begun life as Cavour's friend, and had only seceded from him from personal motives, having indeed absolutely no policy, but who, when Cavour was no more, contrived, as we have seen, to snatch power by associating himself with the impatient patriots of the *tout ou rien* school. These set up the cries of "*Roma e Venezia!*" and "*Roma o morte!*" disdaining the temporizing conduct of the Cavour school, which, while aiming at the same ends, still troubled themselves about the efficiency and adequacy of the means. Rattazzi's strength lay in his insincere and unavowed alliance with the Garibaldians, men like Crispi, Nicotera, Cairoli, and others, who like most Italians had been Mazzinians in their own time, but who upon the annexation of Italy to Piedmont had rallied round the standard of Victor

Emmanuel and repudiated Republicanism, protesting themselves Monarchists, and declaring that, whether by legal or illegal means, they were only acting with and for the King. With the support of these men Rattazzi attempted what his adversaries denounced as impossibilities, and the results were Aspromonte and Mentana, all those tragic episodes in which Garibaldi was called to play the protagonist, and which ended with his sorrowful retirement to Caprera, and with the ignominious downfall of the Rattazzi Administration, leaving the work which they had bungled to be accomplished by the moderate followers of the Cavour policy, who attempted nothing impracticable, inspired greater confidence, and were more constantly favoured by fortune.

But Rattazzi died in 1874, and his party, left to the guidance of Depretis and aware of its impotence, hoped to recover some strength by troubling Garibaldi's repose, bringing him to Rome, and reawakening the enthusiasm of the multitude by the prestige of the hero's name. Garibaldi, however, at this juncture disappointed both friends and foes. Like a political Balaam, eventually blessing those he had gone to curse, he declared that Italy was free and his work was done, that he renounced politics, and intended to spend his remaining days in works of public utility, and, to begin with, in an embankment of the Tiber and the drainage of the Campagna. He was, of course, immediately pounced upon by an army of sharp contractors and dreamy projectors, and, bewildered by plans and schemes for the very surveys of which the funds were not forthcoming, he turned his back upon them all and revisited his rocky hermitage, whence it was fondly hoped that in later years no seductions of false friends would have any longer the power to move him.

These sanguine anticipations were, however

doomed to fresh disillusion. The blunders of the Minghetti Administration, and the necessary instability of all Parliamentary institutions, led to a crisis, in which the Left party, availing itself of a split in the majority, managed to wriggle itself into office, under the presidency of Depretis, in March, 1876. Depretis, at the head of a feeble Left Centre, sought his strength in men of more advanced opinions, and especially in the so-called men of action, Crispi, Nicotera, Cairoli, and others, who had sided with Garibaldi in all his enterprises, and had either prepared the ground for his exploits or powerfully contributed to his successes. The various Ministerial combinations which followed one upon another under Depretis were soon discredited by their want of ability and energy, and by their despotic tendencies. They were hampered by the popular outcry for Radical measures, which they had favoured while in opposition, but of which they found the fulfilment impracticable when in power. Unable to hold their ground on any intelligible policy, they endeavoured to win popularity by timidly and hypocritically countenancing a vague patriotic agitation, and courting a half-hearted alliance with the worn-out and almost extinguished Mazzinians.

Great and important events had occurred in the interval. Mazzini had ended in 1872, consistent with himself, conspiring in death against that Italy for which he had always conspired in his lifetime. The catastrophe which in January, 1878, carried off Victor Emmanuel a few days before the decease of Pope Pius IX. had given full demonstration that the Savoy dynasty and the monarchic principle were based in Italy on a rock of popular gratitude which neither Clerical Obscurantism nor rampant Republicanism had power to shake. Between Garibaldi and Mazzini no great cordiality had existed even at Rome during the Republic of

1849, as Mazzini, jealous of the hero's popularity, had unjustly placed Roselli above him in command of the Velletri expedition, a preference to which Garibaldi had not been insensible, although he professed in his "Memoirs" that he was "inaccessible to all such questions of *amour propre*," and that "had he been allowed to draw his sword even as a mere soldier against his country's enemy, he would gladly have served in the ranks of the Bersaglieri," and that he, therefore "accepted with gratitude the rank of a General of Division." Since then the two great patriots had followed a diverging course, Garibaldi, though still professing himself a Republican, faithfully followed the Royal standard, while Mazzini held up the Red Flag till the merest shred of it was left. Garibaldi, besides, in the hopeless confusion through which he strove to solve to his satisfaction social problems which puzzled the best organized brains, had happened to clash with some of the views entertained by the no less perplexed but ultra-mystical Mazzini, with respect to the definition of the various tendencies of Socialism and Communism; so that some sharp skirmishing had gone on between them and between their respective partisans, which, without interfering with the mutual esteem of the leaders, had widened the estrangement long existing between them. The Mazzinian party, now reduced to a few scribblers in the *Dovere* and the *Unità Italiana*—poor creatures who clung to the great man's coat skirts and hoped to shine by his reflected light—to a few transcendant enthusiasts like the high-gifted Aurelio Saffi, the upright-minded Nicola Fabrizi, and the hot-headed Bertani, Cavallotti, &c.—after vainly trying to interest the public on such subjects as universal suffrage, right of meeting, and other democratic measures, set up a clamour for the *Italia Irredenta*, a matter on which

such Garibaldians as Cairoli, Crispi, and Nicotera were compromised by all their precedents. That Italian unity was incomplete so long as any territory geographically or nationally belonging to the Peninsula was in the foreigner's hands was a notion scouted by all men of sense; and even the highly respected Garibaldian, Nino Bixio, was invariably "coughed down" in the Chamber whenever he ventured to touch on that dangerous topic. That Trent and the valley of the Adige were purely Italian, and that the possession of this district would considerably add to the strength of the frontier no one would deny; but the same principle would be equally applicable to the Canton Ticino, which belongs to Switzerland, and to Mentone and Roccabruna, which France usurped in 1860, when Napoleon III. declared that the crest of the Alps should define the boundary line between his own empire and Victor Emmanuel's kingdom. To go to war for such mere slips of land as these would be too great a stretch of insanity for even the most reckless Radical Government, while, as to Trieste, neither local interests nor practical geographical expediency, nor even ethnical considerations, could ever advise the separation of that city and of the Istrian Peninsula from the Slavic and German States to which those districts are of vital importance and the annexation of them to Italy, with which they have no community of interests whatever.

Such were the views of all the most sincere, but rational patriots in Italy, and the subject was allowed to drop, especially as the advisability of cultivating the goodwill of Germany and keeping on friendly terms with Austria became apparent even to the most blind. But lately, in the complication of Eastern affairs, there arose in weak minds a notion that the dignity of Italy had been compromised and her interests

sacrificed by the Depretis Government and the diplomatists representing Italy at the Congress of Berlin. The Mazzinian agitators, now finding sympathies among the Garibaldians, hoped to turn the situation to their purposes by bringing forward what remained of the broken-down idol of the uncompromising party.

Garibaldi once more was seen in Rome, April, 1879. He made his usual silly speeches and put forth his oft-repeated, senseless proclamations; he was supposed to be proposing great purchases of arms, to be enlisting hosts of volunteers, to be planning thorough reforms, and preparing formidable expeditions. But Garibaldi, away from Caprera, could not fail to have his good as well as his evil angels about him. He saw the King; he listened to General Medici, his own right arm in so many campaigns, and now first aide-de-camp to King Humbert, as he had before been to King Victor Emmanuel. He listened, and though not convinced he was silenced. Although too proud to acknowledge the absurdity of his schemes in words, he was too wise not to give them up in deeds. He withdrew from the vain popular acclamation; shut his door against the crowd of his visitors, and, although he announced his intention to take up his domicile in Rome, he pleaded indisposition as an excuse for inaction and retirement. Unfortunately there was only too much ground in the plea. The arthritic pains of which symptoms had manifested themselves as early as during the Lombard campaign of 1849, which had almost crippled him before his ill-advised intervention in behalf of the French Republic in 1871, had been seriously aggravated by its toils, and the sight of his helplessness in Rome, as he hobbled up the steps of Montecitorio in 1874, was saddening to all beholders, and prepared his friends for [illegible] and which, however, was to be put off for several

years. The fatigue of the voyage from Caprera in 1879, and still more the excitement of incessant calls, objectless conferences, and endless exhibitions, soon utterly prostrated the hero, and before the backward spring had fully set in it became evident that Garibaldi's life could only be a lingering agony.

His life, if life it may be called, and at all events his sufferings were prolonged yet a few years. He left home in the spring of last year on a mad scheme of liberating, "by force if necessary," his son-in-law, Canzio, who had been arrested as a plotter for the Republic. But, having obtained the man's release from the King's Government, as a favour, he went to Milan, and there, as everywhere else, he met with the usual enthusiastic reception. But weary, as always happened, of all vain clamour, he once more sought the peace of his hermitage. He left it again a few weeks since for Palermo to attend the 600th anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers.

Garibaldi is dead. The spell attached to his name has partly been broken by the prolongation of his life beyond its sphere of possible usefulness; but the worth of his character will bear inspection, even when sober criticism had done its utmost to strip it of all the glitter with which popular enthusiasm had invested it.

In the first place, this hero of a hundred fights has been made almost too much of as a warrior, but justice has hardly, perhaps, been done to his abilities as a leader. Garibaldi was no strategist. He knew little and cared less about organization, equipment, or discipline; never looked to means of transport or commissariat, but simply marched at the head of a few officers, hardly turning to see how the troops would follow. He never had a competent head of the staff. He thought he had found one in his friend Anzani, at Monte-

video, a man of whose abilities and actual genius Garibaldi had the most transcendent ideas, who had often brought order in the Legion where before his arrival all was confusion, and of whom Garibaldi said that "had such a genius as Anzani's conducted the Lombard campaign of 1848 or commanded at the battle of Novara or the siege of Rome the stranger would from that moment have ceased to tread with impunity the bones of Italy's bravest combatants." But Anzani died, as we have seen, on his landing at Genoa in 1848, and Garibaldi was left only with valiant and heroic, but inexperienced and incapable, men. The army which conquered Naples in 1860 trailed up a long straggling line from Reggio to Salerno, picking up the arms with which the fugitive Neapolitans strewed the fields, living as they could on the grapes and fruits providentially at that season ripening everywhere on the roadside. At Varese and Como, in the previous year, the Italian guerrillero astonished Urban by appearing before him where the Austrian was sure Garibaldi could not be, and where, indeed, the Volunteer Chief was almost alone; "his 2,000 volunteers," as he said, "straggling behind, while his adversary had 14,000 men at hand." What was mere rash confidence of the Italian struck the Austrian as deep stratagem, and he was put to flight by a mere trick of audacity analogous to that which had served the purposes of Bonaparte and compelled the Austrian commanders of his own time to surrender, 62 years before, in those same North Italian districts and only a little more to the east.

Garibaldi, however, was a tactician, and would have creditably handled an army had a ready-made one, well-armed and trained and led, been placed under his orders on the eve of battle. He had the sure glance, the quick resolution, the prompt re- [illegible] of that *Enfant gâté de la victoire*, his an Massena. As the Lombard volunteer

Emilio Dandolo, quoted by Dumas, graphically paints his chief—"On the approach of a foe, Garibaldi would ride up to a culminating point in the landscape, survey the ground for hours with the spy-glass in brooding silence, and come down with a swoop on the enemy, acting upon some well-contrived combination of movements by which advantage had been taken of all circumstances in his favour."

And he possessed, besides, in a supreme degree that glamour which enslaved his volunteers' minds and hearts to his will. Though there was no order or discipline in his army, there was always the most blind and passive obedience wherever he was. Even with his crew on board his privateer sloop at Rio Grande he tells us he had ordered the life, honour, and property of the passengers of a vessel he had captured to be respected—"I was almost saying under penalty of death," he adds, "but it would have been wrong to say that, for nobody ever disputed my orders. There never was anybody to be punished." A great craven must he be who would not fire up at sight of that calm and secure lion-face. Garibaldi had faith in himself. He looked upon that handful of "the Thousand," who had been a match for 60,000 Neapolitans, as equally fit to cope with all the hosts of France and Austria, singly or conjointly. To make anything possible he had only to will it, to order it, and he never failed to find men ready and willing to attempt it. He called out in one instance in Rome for "40 volunteers wanted for an operation in which half of them would be sure to be killed and the other half mortally wounded." "The whole battalion," he adds, "rushed forward to offer themselves, and we had to draw lots." On another occasion, also at Rome, he "called all well-disposed men to follow him." "Officers and soldiers instantly sprang up as if the ground had brought them forth." At the close of

the siege, when, upon the surrender being voted by the Assembly, he had made up his mind to depart, he put forth this singular order of the day:—"Whoever chooses to follow me will be received among my own men. All I ask of them is a heart full of love for our country. They will have no pay, no rest. They will get bread and water when chance may supply them. Whoever likes not this may remain behind. Once out of the gates of Rome every step will be one step nearer to death." Four thousand infantry and 500 horsemen, two-thirds of what was left of the defenders of Rome, accepted these conditions.

And it was in peace as in war. In leisure hours in his wanderings, and more in his solitude at Caprera, Garibaldi read a good deal, and accumulated an ill-digested mass of knowledge, of which the utopian mysticisms of Mazzini and the paradoxical vagaries of Victor Hugo constituted the chief ingredients. But, in politics as in arms, his mind lacked the basis of a rudimental education. He rushed to conclusions without troubling his head about arguments. His crude notions of Democracy, of Communism, of Cosmopolitanism, of Positivism, were jumbled together in his brain and jostled one another in hopeless confusion, involving him in unconscious contradiction notwithstanding all his efforts to maintain a character for consistency. In sober moments he seemed to acknowledge his intellectual deficiencies, his imperfect education, the facility with which he allowed his own fancy or the advice of dangerous friends to run away with his better judgment; but presently he would lay aside all diffidence, harangue, indite letters, preside at meetings, address multitudes, talk with the greatest boldness about what he least understood, and put his friends to the blush by his emphatic, trenchant, absolute tone, by his wild theories and sweeping

assertions, as he did at Geneva at one of the Peace Society Congresses, when, before a bigoted Calvinistic audience, he settled the question whether St. Peter ever had or had not been in Rome—"a futile question," he said, "for I can tell you no such person as Peter has ever existed."

But with a heart like Garibaldi's a man may well afford to allow his brain to go a wool-gathering. As an earnest patriot—as all Italians were while a country was denied to them—Garibaldi never went wrong, or his error was repaired and atoned for before he had to rue its worst consequences. Let even his worst enemy write Garibaldi's biography and he will always appear the most single-minded and disinterested, the least self-conscious of all men. Not only did he for many years with unshaken consistency refuse all rewards and distinctions, but he shunned and dreaded popular clamour, and was worried and revolted, as well as confused and dismayed, at the abject worship paid to him by high and low wherever he appeared. He stood or sat stern and sullen as women, men, and even priests in Calabria hailed him as "Our Messiah! Our Redeemer!" as in Lombardy mothers held up their new-born infants to be christened by him, "no other hand being so sure to bring God's blessing with it;" or as in London, where, in 1864, he fairly ran away from the fine ladies who seemed at a loss to know how a true lion should be lionized.

Garibaldi had the ideal lion nature in him, all the dignity and gentleness, the sudden flash of anger, the forgiveness, the absence of all rancour, malice, or uncharitableness. Even the brute Leonardo Millan, who had struck, racked, and imprisoned him without reason, when he fell into his power and trembled for his life, was suffered to go unscathed, the only vengeance of Garibaldi being limited to fixing his look into his face so as to give him to understand that he was recognized, but deemed utterly be-

neath a man's resentment. He was the most loving, the least hating of men. Whatever follies or even crimes may have been committed in his name, one may freely defy the world to trace an act of meanness or a deed of cruelty, or even a deliberately unkind word, to the man himself. However madly he dabbled in Republicanism, his devotion to Victor Emmanuel was proof against all slight or ill-treatment on the part of the King's Government. Whatever progress he made in the modern school of philosophers, his faith in God was unshaken. Unfortunately, his trust in men—and women—transcended all discretion. It is painful, but just, to record how his facile credulity entrapped him into a mock marriage with the Countess Raimondi, a young lady of rank, at Como, during the campaign of 1859; it is melancholy, but instructive, to recollect the spectacle he exhibited in Rome in 1874, when he made, for the first time, his appearance with a newly-wedded wife and babies in his suite, the results of his domestication with the nurse of his daughter's children, the only one of her sex, probably, besides his Teresita herself, who soothed the weary hours of the almost heartbroken Hermit of Caprera. It was with a view to benefit this offspring of his late marriage that Garibaldi, departing from that rule of heroic disinterestedness which had made him reject all rewards, honours, and distinctions decreed by the King's Government and Parliament, accepted in these latter years an annuity for himself, with reversion to his widow and orphans. In order to establish the legitimacy of this union, he applied to the tribunals at Rome for the annulment of his previous marriage with the Countess Raimondi—a suit only too likely to drag to a wearisome length and to bring into light passages in the hero's career which might with greater wisdom have been buried in oblivion.

The photographs of Garibaldi have reached so far and have been so long before the world that a description of his personal appearance may be deemed superfluous. Indeed, neither words nor mere lights and shadows could give a satisfactory idea of that stately and commanding figure as it was before years and intense arthritic sufferings had contracted and, as it were, doubled it up. Garibaldi was a middle-sized man and not of an athletic build, though gifted with uncommon strength and surprising agility. He looked to the greatest advantage on horseback, as he sat on the saddle with such perfect ease and yet with such calm serenity, as if he were grown to it, having had, though originally a sailor, the benefit of a long experience in taming the wild mustangs of the Pampas. But his chief beauty was the head and the unique dignity with which it rose on the shoulders. The features were cast in the old classic mould; the forehead was high and broad, a perpendicular line from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows. His mass of tawny hair and full red beard gave the countenance its peculiar lion-like character. The brow was open, genial, sunny; the eyes dark gray, deep, shining with a steady reddish light; the nose, mouth, and chin exquisitely chiselled, the countenance habitually at rest, but at sight of those dear to him beaming with a "caressing smile, revealing all the innate strength and grace of his loving nature." There were both taste and simplicity in the costume to which he gave his name, and to which he adhered, on his return from America, with a fondness which was imputed to foppery, and with which Cialdini, with questionable discretion, taunted him when the Volunteer Chief appeared clad in it in the House of Deputies, where a military uniform was rarely seen except in the pageantry of a Royal sitting. The garb consisted of a plain red shirt and gray trousers, over which he threw the

folds of the Spanish-American *poncho*, an ample upper garment of thin white woollen cloth with crimson lining, which did duty as a standard, and round which his Volunteers were bidden to rally in the thick of the fight, as did the French Huguenot chivalry round Henry of Navarre's "*panache blanche*." His sword was a fine cavalry blade, forged in England and the gift of English friends, and with it he might be seen at his early breakfast on the tented field cutting his bread and slicing his Bologna sausage, and inviting those he particularly wished to distinguish to share that savoury fare. The sabre did good slashing work at need, however, and at Milazzo, in Sicily, it bore him out safely from the midst of a knot of Neapolitan troopers who caught him by surprise and fancied they had him at their discretion. Garibaldi carried no other weapons, though the officers in his suite had pistols and daggers at their belts; and his negro groom, by name Aguyar, who for a long time followed him as his shadow, like Napoleon's Mameluke, and was shot dead by his side at Rome, was armed with a long lance with a crimson pennon, used as his chief's banner. His staff officers were a numerous, quaint, and motley crew, men of all ages and conditions, mostly devoted personal friends—not all of them available for personal strength or technical knowledge, but all to be relied upon for their readiness to die with or for him. Some of the most distinguished, like Nino Bixio, Medici, Sirtori, Cosenz, &c., had all the headlong bravery of their General—more than that no man could boast—and were his superiors in intelligence and in professional experience, ably conducting as his lieutenants field operations which he was, from some cause or other, unable to attend. The veterans he brought with him from Montevideo, a Genoese battalion whom his friend Augusto Vecchi helped

to enlist, and the Lombard Legion, under Manara, were all men of tried valour, well trained to the use of the rifle, inured to hardships and privations, and they constituted the nucleus of the Garibaldian force throughout its campaigns. The remainder was a shapeless mass of raw recruits from all parts of Italy, joining or leaving the band almost at their pleasure—mere boys from the Universities, youths of noble and rich family, lean artisans from the towns, stout peasants and labourers from the country, adventurers of indifferent character, deserters from the army, and the like, all marching in loose companies, like Falstaff's recruits, under improvised officers and non-commissioned officers; but all, or most of them, entirely disinterested about pay or promotion, putting up with long fasts and heavy marches, only asking to be brought face to face with the enemy, and when under the immediate influence of Garibaldi himself or of his trusty friends seldom guilty of soldierly excesses or of any breach of discipline. The effect the presence of the hero had among them was surprising. A word addressed to them in his clear, ringing, silver voice electrified even the dullest. An order coming from him was never questioned, never disregarded. No one waited ford a second bidding or an explanation. "Your business is not to inquire how you are to storm that position. You must only go and do it." And it was done.

There was nothing more providential in the combination of favourable circumstances to which the triumph of the Italian cause was owing than the opportune production of this singular, this "mysterious conqueror," as he was called, and the almost mythical prestige he threw on deeds of arms so amazing in their success as to disarm criticism and to present them to the startled world in the light of superhuman achievements. When even the

steady valour of the Piedmontese army, owing to bad generalship, was succumbing to the Austrian invader at Custozza and Novara, in 1848-9, it was something to say that mere citizens, under Garibaldi, were gloriously giving the lie to the old taunt that "Italians don't fight" by not only standing their ground behind stone walls at Venice and Rome, but also crossing bayonets with the best troops of the French Republic outside the gates of the latter-named city, and giving their lives with a lavishness worthy of the ancient warlike race whose dust lay beneath their feet. Garibaldi and Rome were all that survived as a hallowed memory out of the wreck of Italian hopes at that gloomy period; and Garibaldi and what remained of the heroes of Rome were what stood foremost in that more auspicious trial of 1859-60, in which the old errors were retrieved and the former disasters repaired. With the final emancipation of the country the three names of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi will be for ever associated; but if the characters of the first and second of that triumvirate are sure to be deeply studied, thoroughly weighed, and rated at their just value as realities, the last-named will appeal to the imagination as something unauthenticated, like William Tell—a mere undemonstrable episode—a legend.

It was also by a favourable dispensation of Heaven that, while on any prospect of a warlike struggle neither Garibaldi's confidence in himself nor his countrymen's faith in him ever belied itself for one moment, whenever any difficult political question arose by which the destinies of the country might be compromised the sane part of the nation fell away from the rash hero; and he himself, never very sure of his own judgment and soon mistrusting the guidance of the designing partisans or crazy fanatics who played upon his sanguine imagination,

allowed himself all at once to be sobered by more rational and trustworthy advisers, and, withou recanting his opinions or deserting his party, went quietly back to his solitude, and made, by abandoning the execution of his intended action, an implicit confession of the erroneousness of his conception. For, after all, Garibaldi was not deficient in intelligence or plain common sense, and his faculties, had they received timely cultivation and development, would have been of no mean order. He told us himself that his attendance on the lessons of his priestly instructors was extremely desultory, and that his father's wishes to train him to some sedentary profession too early clashed with the son's restless disposition and adventurous spirit. When in later life he became aware of the shortcomings of his education and of the narrow range of his reading, while yet, in the leisure of his island home, he aspired to literary distinction, he was unable to perceive how hopelessly his sphere of thought was vitiated by the mysticism of Mazzini and his style tainted with the bombast of Victor Hugo. Yet even in his most deplorable vagaries, his judgment was always more correct than that of the editor of *Young Italy* and his logic more sound than that of the author of "Notre Dame de Paris."

All the popularity of the Hermit of Caprera failed to procure the novel which he was tempted to publish a very extensive number of readers at home or abroad, and it is not likely that any unkind friend will outrage poor Garibaldi's memory by undertaking the publication of his letters and speeches. The saying of the old Roman tyrant "Would I had never learnt to write," must at many periods of his life have occurred to Garibaldi, though from different motives, and altogether in a different sense. Yet that the Condottiere of Marsala was not without some

aptitude as a writer, that he was not without considerable graphic power, and even a certain dry, grim humour, one may gather from many passages in those *Commentaires à la Jules César* which he jotted down without any pretensions to art, only for private circulation among his friends, and of which he was with great reluctance prevailed upon by his French guest at the Chiatamone to sanction the publication. In those scanty and imperfect fragments not a little may be learnt, not only of the great man's doings, but also of the ins and outs of his mind and of the best and worst traits in his character.

He had, he tells us, towards the close of the siege of Rome, in June, 1849, chosen his headquarters at the Villa Savorelli, the very focus of the artillery fire from the advancing French parallels, and appointed Manara his chief of the Staff. From the house one had a wide view of the Campagna and of the progress of the operations of the siege. It was an interesting spot, and everybody crowded on the General, anxious to enjoy the singularity of the scene. Garibaldi says :—

"It is true that this diversion was not free from danger for it was known that the Savorelli Villa was my headquarters, and balls and bullets and shells rattled all day on my windows. Especially when, to obtain a better view, I went up to the belvedere above the roof of the house, the matter became rather curious. It was a regular hail of bullets, and I have never heard a more incessant hissing of winged lead. The house, shaken by the cannon balls, trembled as if in an earthquake. Often, to give the French artillerymen a more brisk employment, I had my breakfast served up on the belvedere, which had no other protection than a wooden parapet. Then, I can tell you, I had such a music as dispensed me from summoning that of the regimental bands. But matters became even worse when some practical joker of the Staff amused himself by hoisting to the lightning-conductor above the little terrace a banner, on which were written in large letters the words—'Bonjour, Cardinal Oudinot.'

"On the fourth or fifth day in which I thus amused the

enemy's gunners and sharpshooters, General Avezzana (the War Minister) came to see me, and, not finding the parlour window sufficiently high, asked whether there was not some elevated spot on which the view of the plain might be more unlimited. I took him to the belvedere. Doubtless the French intended to do him especial honour, as on our first appearance the usual music burst out. The General very coolly surveyed the enemy's position, then went downstairs without saying one word. On the morrow I found my belvedere *blindé* with earth-bags. I asked by whose order that had been done. The answer was, 'The War Minister's!'

"This rage of the French artillerymen about riddling my poor head quarters with shot gave rise now and then to amusing scenes.

"One day—the 5th or 6th of June, I think—my friend Augusto Vecchi, who was both actor and author in the drama we were representing, paid me a visit at dinner-time. As I had some guests, I had got a dinner ready-made from Rome in a tin case. I saw that the sight of our bill of fare was tempting Vecchi and I asked him to sit down with us. General Avezzana and Costantino Reta were of the party. We sat on the ground in the garden. The bullets shook the house so violently that to eat on a table we would have required such an apparatus as is used on board ship in foul weather. Just as we were half-way with our dinner a shell burst. Everybody vanished. Vecchi was about to follow, but I seized him by the wrist, and, compelling him to sit down, I told him laughing (he was a member of the Assembly), 'Father Conscript, leave not thy curule chair.' The shell burst, as I had correctly foreseen, on the opposite side to where we sat; we escaped with a cloud of dust, which covered both ourselves and our dinner. . . .

"Strange to say, it was always Vecchi who was the hero of similar adventures. Another day he came on business and found me at table. On this occasion *Mdl. les Artilleurs* were so obliging as to allow me some rest. Before me smoked a most appetizing *risotto*. I made room for Vecchi on my right and bade him fall to. But just as he was about to sit down Manara stopped him. 'Do not do that, Vecchi,' he said; 'this is the third day in which the officers invited by the General have been killed one after the other on that very spot, and no time left them for digestion.' And, in fact, Davio, Rozat, and Panizzi had fallen exactly as Manara described. But the savour of the rice had more weight with Vecchi than

Manara's omen. 'All right,' said Vecchi, 'that fits admirably with a prediction which was made to me.' 'What prediction?' asked Manara. 'When I was a child,' replied Vecchi, 'a gipsy consulted the stars and foretold that I should be buried at Rome, 36 years old, and very rich. And again, in 1838, on a pedestrian trip to Naples, being at Sarno, near Salerno, I was pursuing in a cotton plantation a gipsy girl, 18 years old, whose bright black eyes I was determined to kiss. She defended herself with her knife; to her offensive weapon I opposed as defensive armour a beautiful brand-new scudo. The girl took the crown, seized and examined my hand, and made out from the lines that I should be buried in Rome, at 36, very rich. I am now in my 36th year, and, though not very rich, I am only too much so for one doomed to die. But I am as strong a fatalist as any Mahomedan; what is written, is written. General, hand here the rice.'

"We laughed at the story; but Manara looked grave, and said, 'All very well, Vecchi; but I shall not be easy in mind till this day is over.' Then, addressing myself, he added, 'General, in God's name, do not send him on any errand to-day.'

"This suited Vecchi very well, for he was dreadfully tired after two nights' watching, and, after dinner, he asked leave to withdraw and take some rest. 'Lie down on my bed, if you like,' said Manara, whether in jest or in earnest, 'I will not allow you to go out to-day.' Vecchi threw himself on the bed.

"An hour later I saw some Frenchmen placing gabions on the trench open just in front of our bastion. I looked about me for an officer to point the fire of a dozen of our sharpshooters at them. I forget how I had disposed of them all, but found myself alone. I thought of Vecchi, who was sleeping with tight-closed fists; I felt some qualms of compunction about waking him, but the balls made a dreadful ravage. I seized him by the leg; he opened his eyes. 'Come,' said I, 'you have slept 24 hours. Manara's prediction has lost its spell. Pick me out a dozen of our best shots, and tickle me the sides of those fellows down yonder.' Vecchi, who is very brave, did not wait for more words. He chose 12 Bersaglieri, and placed himself in ambush behind a barricade of gabions which a lieutenant of engineers, named Pozzio, was rearing. Hence he opened so murderous a fire against the French that these returned the rifle-fire with cannon-shot. Half an hour later somebody came to tell me, 'Do you

know, General, poor Vecchi has been killed?' I felt a sharp twitch in my heart. I had been the cause of my friend's death, and I loaded myself with reproaches; but before an hour had elapsed, to my great joy I saw him come back safe and sound: 'Ah, by God, let me hug thee to my heart; I thought you had been killed.' 'Only buried,' he answered, and related how a cannon-ball had cut in twain an earth bag, which had thrown its contents upon him; that at the same instant this bag in its collapse had determined the fall of the other bags, ten or twelve, which had fallen at once upon him and literally interred him.

"But in the meanwhile something had happened far more *picturesque* than even Vecchi's real death would have been. The same cannon-ball which buried him had struck against the wall, and by rebound had come back to wound a young soldier in the back, shattering the spine. The young soldier had been placed on a hand barrow with his arms crossed on his breast and his open eyes turned up heavenwards, having breathed his last. They were about to remove him to the ambulance, when an officer threw himself on the body and covered it with kisses. The officer was Lieutenant Pozzio, of the Engineers, and the young soldier was Colomba Antonietti, his wife, who had followed him to Velletri and had fought beside him on the 3d of June."

Such dramatic power, such talent for blending the humorous with the pathetic, Garibaldi displayed at least in his translator's hands. That the charm of the *naïve* and graphic narrative belongs entirely to the original, and that it is a perfectly correct picture of the events it records, it would seem for any one conversant with the scene and the actors represented absolutely impossible to doubt. Such tenderness of heart, such unaffected attachment to a friend, such minute seizure of all the salient points that can give a narrative piquancy and effect, are evidence of a sympathetic imagination which could not be compatible with a selfish nature. Napoleon I., and perhaps Prince Bismarck, could never write such a touching scene.

We shall conclude with the account of the share

Garibaldi took in the last fight at Villa Spada, on the walls of Rome, June 30 :—

"The night of the 29th settled on Rome like a winding sheet. To prevent the repairs in our breaches the French artillery thundered all night. It was a terrible night. The storm of heaven blended with that of the earth. The thunder growled, the lightning met the shell in mid air, the thunderbolt fell in two or three places as if to hallow the doomed city. In spite of St. Peter's Day, the two armies continued their mortal duel. At nightfall, as an attack in the dark was expected, the whole town was lighted up : all, even the dome of St. Peter's. Such illumination, in fact, is the custom in Rome on St. Peter's Eve. Any man throwing on that evening a glance on the Eternal City would have seen one of those sights which can be viewed but once in the lapse of centuries. At his feet he would have seen a grand valley of churches and palaces, cut in twain by the winding Tiber, dark at that moment as Phlegethon. On the left a mound, the Capitol, upon the tower of which waved the standard of the Republic. On the right, the dark outline of Monte Mario, where flaunted, in antagonism to ours, the French and Papal flags. Below it the dome of Michael Angelo, rearing itself to the clouds, a blaze of light ; and, finally, as a frame to the picture, the Janiculum and all the line of San Pancrazio also lighted up, but by the flashes of the artillery and musketry fire. . . .

"At midnight the sky cleared, the thunder and the cannon were hushed, silence followed upon all that infernal roar, and the French profited by it to draw nearer and nearer to the walls and to take possession of the breach opened into bastion No. 8. At 2 in the morning we heard three cannon-shots fired at equal intervals. The sentries called to arms ; the trumpets sounded. The Bersaglieri, always ready, always unweary, sallied from the Villa Spada and ran to the San Pancrazio Gate, leaving two companies as a reserve in defence of the Villa. They sank to their knees in the soaked earth. I placed myself at their head, with my sword drawn, intoning the Italian popular hymn. At this moment, I confess, I had only one desire—to get myself killed. I threw myself with my men upon the French. What happened then ? I know nothing about it. For two hours I struck without intermission. When the day dawned I was all covered with blood. I had not a single scratch. It was a miracle."